

SETH W. BROWN, Editor.

Office, on Main Street, opp. Court House.

Tuesday, December 29.



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A Columbus Correspondent.

We have engaged a correspondent at Columbus, who will commence writing for the Sentinel immediately after the meeting of the Legislature.

Washington Correspondence.

We have engaged a correspondent at Washington, from whom we hope to have a letter every week. This is an important duty, and we think our readers will look upon it as such. We are determined to make the Sentinel not only a good paper, but really the best paper ever published in this country.

High Bounties to cease January 5.

Governor Tod advises the various military committees of the State, that by a recent act of Congress, all extra bounties now paid soldiers will cease on the fifth day of January next, and that after that time only one hundred dollars will be paid to recruits. Those who would avail themselves of the large bounties will have to hasten before this date. Now is the time to add your name to the recruiting list. By so doing you not only obtain the sum of three hundred dollars, but you also avoid the risk of being drafted.

Valor of Colored Troops.

General S. A. Hurlbut, Sixteenth Army Corps, Memphis, Tennessee, has issued an order in which he says that a recent affair at Moscow, in that State, "demonstrated the fact that colored troops properly disciplined and commanded can and will fight well." This fact has been demonstrated so many times in the past year, that even those who were the most strenuously opposed to arming the blacks, are now compelled to admit that they are not so timid and cowardly as they have been represented to be. It has come to be an established fact in the history of this war that colored soldiers will fight, and fight bravely and efficiently. This fully indicates the wisdom of the Government in arming this element of strength in the South. Every negro who is fighting under the Stars and Stripes is one man taken from the branches of a rebel army or the plantation of a rebel master.

"Another Paper."

With this heading, a very singular greeting was last week extended to us by the editor of the Xenia Torchlight. Had that paper been conducted by a gentleman as it has been before now—we should have read such an article in it with surprise. Indeed, to have found so prominently a thing in a paper once edited by such a gentleman as Overy Curry—and such a lady as Rebecca S. Nichols—did rather surprise us, as it was. We had not made the allowance for the notorious degeneracy of its later management; and, though we did not expect any encouraging or liberal welcome from its present editor, we confess that, in view of the ancient respectability of its paper, in view of the fact that we were in utter stranger to him, and in view of the established etiquette of the profession, we did not look for anything less than an "I am glad to see you" from him. We came here to carry on a legitimate and honorable business. The fact that the editor of the Torchlight was trying to succeed here in the same business, would hardly be looked upon as justifying him—were he a gentleman—in resorting to so low an order of warfare. We can not, of course, blame him for his ignorance of the manners and customs of gentlemen; but it might have been too late in life for him to be informed that it is usual for respectable rivals in business—especially in the professions—to treat one another with civility, if not with friendliness. They understand that one person has as good a right to another to pursue honestly an honest calling; and hence they are liberal and respectful toward competitors—willing that each shall stand on his own merits.

And since the editor has chosen to appear before us in the character of a "yellow" man, we will treat him as such. We shall continue to treat him as such, although, professionally, we should have preferred to cultivate friendly relations with him. We concede that it is unbecomingly to quarrel with every cat that barks at you; but when a great, burly, bluff-nosed fellow comes sneaking up and say-

ing at your very heels, you stop to kick him though you are the politest man alive. Put the case: If an unshod kick you, reader, kick you wretchedly, unprovokedly, would you not be tempted to cuff dignity for a moment, and give him a sound clucking? Consider, therefore, our temptation, and pardon our correspondence to the editor of the Torchlight, and excuse us, please, for calling a falsehood by its truest name.

In the little paragraph with which the editor of the Torchlight greets the Sentinel, there are five lies—two asserted, three insinuated. Let us notice these: First, he says that "the old Xenia Sentinel has been moved to Xenia." This he positively asserts as a fact; and he does so in order to convey the impression to the public that the material with which we print our paper is old and defective. Not one article of "the Xenia Sentinel" has been moved to Xenia. This he positively asserts as a fact; and he does so in order to convey the impression to the public that the material with which we print our paper is old and defective. Not one article of "the Xenia Sentinel" has been moved to Xenia.

And he says, further, that "its name (Xenia Sentinel) has been changed to the Xenia Sentinel." He tells this for the purpose of implicating us in the failure of a paper which suspended long ago, whereas, the fact is, we never had any connection, direct or indirect, with the Xenia Sentinel, and this fact the editor of the Torchlight might have known had he considered it desirable to be truthful.

"Seth W. Brown appears as proprietor." This is one of his insinuated lies. Instead of stating what he knew to be the truth, that Seth W. Brown is editor and proprietor, he means to say, "appears as proprietor," so as to hint the suspicion that we are merely put forward to represent parties in the concern.

And to continue the innuendo, he says that "Joseph Milburn has the general control of its affairs," still implying that our relation to the office is one of mere agency. It is difficult to find words adequate to express our scorn of such contemptible meanness. We must content ourselves with a simple contradiction. We are the sole editor and proprietor of the Sentinel. We have the entire control of its affairs, both general and special. We, and we alone, are responsible for its editorial and business management; and we own the entire office, presses, type, furniture, and fixtures, and all rights of purchase, and without mortgage—WITHOUT MORTGAGE, Mr. Editor.

Finally he says of the Sentinel: "It claims to be a Union paper." He hardly has the audacity to assert that our's is not a Union paper; but he employs this cowardly language to hint what he dare not utter. "It claims," indeed! He, above all others, has reason to know that it is Union. When the Union party in this country was severed by bolting, and he was helping to widen the breach by underhandedly honoring the defection, does he recollect that it was the Sentinel that scoured him back to his duty as organ of the party, and punished him into an advocacy of Unionism? Does he remember that his paper never had a word in favor of the Union ticket regularly nominated, but played into the hands of the bolters by preaching "Wide-Spread Disaffection" till the Sentinels came out and showed up his dastardly conduct? He was one of the signers to a call for a mass meeting to do away with the proceedings of the regular Union convention. He to speak of claims to Unionism! He participated in the doing of a meeting of forty or fifty men who got together here and assumed to abolish the regular Union Central Committee, and appoint a new one and to nominate candidates in opposition to the regular Union ticket. He was one of the actors in this convention of disorganizers, and he voted with them, and against the Union party all through. Yet he has the effrontery to talk of claims to Unionism!

But when he found that the Union party would no longer be outraged by such oratorical games, he was forced to retreat. He was one of the actors in this convention of disorganizers, and he voted with them, and against the Union party all through. Yet he has the effrontery to talk of claims to Unionism! But when he found that the Union party would no longer be outraged by such oratorical games, he was forced to retreat. He was one of the actors in this convention of disorganizers, and he voted with them, and against the Union party all through. Yet he has the effrontery to talk of claims to Unionism!

And let us hope also, that our daily newspapers may hereafter find something more profitable and decent to spend before their readers than the particulars of a British prize fight.

on, till they, too, kicked him from them in disgust. He has been kicked back again; and he has the sweet consolation of knowing that he deserved it all.

Instead of quarreling at his indecent conduct toward us, we ought to pity him. We ought to reflect that a person may be kicked till he has no self-respect left. And how can a man who has no self-respect, act like a gentleman? In our momentary indignation, we did not remember charity. We remember it now, and we cherish no more resentment toward Towser than if he had never snapped at our heels. We have had our little kicking of him, and are satisfied. We can even whistle kindly to him. And if he will only use the influence he has left, to discontinue his rampant, riotous, robustious nose from interfering in our private affairs, we will promise not to lash him very often.

The Heenan-King Fight.

We all remember the time, not many years since, when the sensational newspapers were filled, day after day, with the details of a prize fight, somewhere in England, between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy." The great London Times, and other papers over the water, which assume to represent the highest degree of civilization in the world, gave the minutest details of the affair, told where the parties were born, and gave their pedigrees in full; made known the exact "stake" for which they fought, where they went to do it, who their seconds were, what "great nobles" were in attendance, how many "rounds" they fought, who drew "first blood," who first got a "wound" under the eye, how they "fell like oxen," returned to their corners, wiped away the blood, and "went at it" again, how they "countered" till one put in a "plumber" or a "sawyer" which knocked the other down, and drew from the "thousands" round after round of "applause," the account winding up with a little more pedigree, and a description of what "noble fellows" they were, how "stout," how "athletic," how their muscles "could be seen to relax and expand," and how people should imitate these "great examples" in eating, drinking, sleeping and exercising. Then the newspapers of New York, those organs "moral and religious," took up the details, publishing them in full, making editorial comments thereon, and drawing therefrom wise conclusions, all of which were adopted by the Cincinnati dailies, some of them at least, and the little child in the corner, who is always kept in "good moral reading," and the refined lady, just home from church, and the staid man, all read the horrible details of the knock-down, and get-up, and all the particulars of the British affair, more akin to the traditions of ancient barbarism than like the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Last week we had a repetition of all this. There was another prize fight in England. Our dailies were true to their established reputation. They gave us all the details of a fight between this same John C. Heenan and one Thomas King, which took place recently in the dominions of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. These details give rise to the reflection that it would have been a blessing to the world had Tom Sayers put a blow at Heenan that would have caused him to "shove off this mortal coil," or rather that it would have been a double blessing had they, like Kilkenney cats, succeeded in scratching themselves both out of existence; but some how or other, they always manage to get well of their fights, to fight again, to fill up newspapers, to gratify the vicious, pander to a vulgar public sentiment, and shock those who are really decent and refined in their feelings.

We are informed that Heenan was whipped in the last fight. Good. Let him stay at home. There is fighting enough of an honorable kind to do here. If he is really anxious to show his power and fighting qualities, let him come home, and go out and knock down some of the farts and breastworks which shelter rebels who are trying to trail in the dust the flag whose protection is claimed by this same "Benicia Boy." He might have been of great service to General McClellan at Yorktown, or at Manassas, where the "quaker gun," so long kept the "little Napoleon" scared out of his wits. The stalwart "Benicia Boy" might have "rounded" right up to these and knocked them off their heels, if they had any, and thus achieved some honorable distinction. Or he might even now were he really the man he claims to be, pit himself against the wall of Fort Sumter, and very likely his nose wouldn't be so severely punished as it was by King in the last fight.

Speaking seriously, let us hope that we will not hear of another fight of this kind. Such encounters are too barbarous for a civilized age. They are worse than the cock-fights and bull-fights of old. Let no boy who reads these glaring headlines and thrilling details of these affairs, imagine that they are honorable, or allowable even to the lowest order of civilization. And let us hope also, that our daily newspapers may hereafter find something more profitable and decent to spend before their readers than the particulars of a British prize fight.

We this week publish several very interesting letters from various parts of the country, one from Jamestown, in this county, one from Louisville, one from Washington, and two from Cincinnati.

P. M. Q. D. sends us a characteristic letter from Louisville. Come again, Sam.

Letter from Cincinnati.

THE GREAT WESTERN SANITARY FAIR.

Cincinnati, December 28, 1863.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

It were in vain to attempt a description of the Great Sanitary Fair. Whoever attempts that, must have a thousand eyes and a memory that will be retentive of the innumerable minutiae which goes to make up this great whole. It is only with the things in general that I have anything to say. The first place visited was THE REFRESHMENT HALL, AT THE PALACE GARDENS.

This is located on Vine street, and is intended to afford meals to all who desire them—the proceeds to go to the Sanitary Fair. Of course many desire them, for how easy a way to exhibit patriotism. This task goes down as easy as the best of viands will admit of. Every man that eats here, satisfies both his stomach and his heart. *Dignitibus non est displicendum.* No disputing about tastes. All are agreed on this point that the whole thing is a very tasty affair. Of course the materials, preparation and waitage cost nothing—it costs the eater nothing, for his necessary wants are supplied. Thus a clean result is obtained without deduction for cost, a thing which does not often happen. The most attractive thing is the waiters. It is impossible to give any adequate description of the scene in this department. It is a beehive of women and girls. The establishment is capable of seating an immense number, and when fully seated there must be at least three women to every seat. Between every mouthful you are obliged to say "no ma'am," "yes, ma'am," or "I thank you." Exquisite ministry, beautiful disorder. Signify what you wish, and come two or three instantly grab for it. You are overwhelmed with questions as to your wishes, and each hopes you may say yes. The articles served up are the best the market affords, and the whole affair appears to be a decided success.

The Horticultural Department and Art Palace are located at and near the corner of Sixth and Vine. These are quiet, easy places. Nature reigns in one, Art in the other. But enter and "break," by placement, your contemplation," that is, if you have unlimited time, and are a lover of taste, and inclined to meditation; otherwise, you will kill time through in a very short space of time, and swear there is nothing there to be seen. Or if you enter the room of curiosities, you will be inclined to say that there are too many things to be seen, and that therefore you will see none. Temper these two extremes, and you will pass many hours in these places much to your edification and delight. That which appeared to attract the most attention were the battle-flags, both those which were captured from the rebels, and those which have been borne by our brave soldiers through the dirty fight. I noticed one in particular that had been borne by one of our regiments, the staff of which had been repeatedly shot in pieces, and put together with splinters and twice till half its length had grown treble its natural size. But the greatest attraction of the Fair is

THE LADIES' BAZAAR.

This is located on Fifth Street Market Space, in a temporary building for the purpose. As before remarked, it is vain to particularize. You enter, and run against the ends of several rows of tables running the whole length of the building. These are divided into spaces or booths for the societies, persons, or combinations of persons, who have contributed. Each space has its covering, arched or plain, decorated with taste and inscribed with the names of the contributors. The articles appear to be as innumerable as the sands upon the sea shore. They were arranged by fairy fingers, and fair possessors of them are there to exhibit them—to illuminate the beauty of their own creation, by the beauty of their own selves. Not content with their material contributions, they add the radiating beauty of their presence, which, like a light from heaven, revivifies the inanimate creatures which their magic has called forth. X.

Letter from Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 23, 1863.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

Brown, did you say? Brown! Brown! I think I've heard that name before; let me see. Ah! yes, its Smith in English—just so—but no matter. How are you, Brown? I'm happy to make your acquaintance—not so happy, perhaps, as you will be to get rid of mine after you've been down Brown a time or two by your Louisville correspondent. How's your numerous and very worthy readers? Do you think you can make the SENTINEL business pay? Will its glorious reputation be sustained? But, pardon me, you expect a correspondent to inform you, rather than ask silly, impertinent questions. So to business.

Your prospectus announcing the SENTINEL, your letter soliciting a correspondence, and the first issue of the SENTINEL under your management, are before me. In reply to the prospectus, I send you a "greenback," and as for the letter, if you will indulge a "style" picked up outside of a "schule house"—a style somewhat original—not very interesting, but such as may suffer to "fill up" until ad-

vertisements come in, I will be happy to give you an occasional letter from this place. A professional news-gatherer could find much of interest to write about here, in the military and civil circles, but a "poor, miserable quill-driver" who is "penned" in an office all the while, has but little opportunity to inform himself, to say nothing of others, upon matters of local or general interest. When he ventures out of his office for a few moments, the same scenes are before him that he has witnessed every day for a year: what he sees is too common to write about: what he learns by reading or from observation, is second-handed—stale before he leaves it; yet, with a view to enlighten "country folks" he may extend his morning walk beyond the usual limits—become a close observer—take an interest in gathering items, and be the gainer in the end, and who knows but that he may become an aspirant to literary fame—start a newspaper, and edit it himself! Why, yes, Brown, I'll write, of course I will.

The ladies—not the seceder women—but the ladies of Louisville, are now engaged in the laudable and patriotic enterprise of getting up a dinner—a Christmas dinner such as the ladies of Louisville only know how to prepare, to cheer the hearts of the noble defenders of the "flag of the free heart's hope and home," who are suffering in the hospitals in the city. The undertaking is by no means a small one. There are twenty-one hospitals in the city, containing in the aggregate about three thousand sick and wounded soldiers, and, besides, there are not less than two thousand convalescent soldiers in the Barracks, who are also to have a share of the big dinner. The plans have been decided upon, and the management placed in good hands, and you may depend upon it, if you have a soldier friend in Louisville, he will have a light heart on Christmas, if the smiling faces of pretty ladies, and a rich repast of the luxuries of the times may cause him to forget sickness, pain and sorrow for the day. All honor to the Union ladies of Louisville.

On the other hand, there is a class of females here—the aristocracy, the Libido-haters, negro-worshippers, rebels, traitors, despicable female devils, who sneer at, and spit upon, Union soldiers, who abhor the defenders of the best government on the face of the earth, and grossly insult men distinguished from the citizen by their coat and pants of blue, who rank high above the standard of common men; and these female despisers of all that is good, and worshippers of all that is wicked with sulphur, contemplate giving a dinner to their dear seceder brother-devils who are confined as prisoners of war in comfortable quarters. Now there is nothing unlawful or wicked in this—in the deed itself, for these poor deluded disciples of J. D. & Co., though they are rebels, are human, and are as capable of enjoyment as men engaged in a better cause. Of course they should be treated kindly, but the motives the women have in showing their benevolence are wrong. They wish to taunt Union men and ladies who are doing all in their power to sustain the Government—and encourage men to fight, bleed and die, in order that they may enjoy an aristocratic form of government under the administration of his dear Satanic Majesty, after these poor fellows have spent their lives and souls in gaining it. These women do not care what becomes of the men who do the fighting, so that the Southern Confederacy proves a success. They would afterward turn up their "dog-on'd" peaky noses at a common "Confed" soldier; of course they would! What better reward could be expected of traitors? All the charity, fraternal love, genuine benevolence and milk of human kindness there is in the hearts of such women, would have as much room in a nutshell, as a live would have in the Atlantic Ocean. Live among them and witness them, and take their insults as long as some of our soldiers have, and if you have any respect for them may Old Nick, Davis & Co., have compassion on you, for no more respectable person would.

The question "how to get out of the draft," has agitated the minds of the citizens of Louisville and vicinity for twenty days past. The announcement of the Board of Enrollment that claims of exemption would be considered, created quite a furore among the would-be exempt, and during the time allotted for such business, the office of the Board of Enrollment was besieged daily by hundreds of men of all classes, a large proportion of whom were exempted upon examination. The draft has been postponed, and we all breathe more freely. At some future time I hope to give you some facts of interest in regard to the hospitals and their inmates, the Sanitary Commission, Hospital Directory, and other institutions here, in which I judge you are interested.

Wishing the SENTINEL unbounded success, I am, dear Brown, Yours, P. M. Q. D.

It is stated that all the rebel rams in England, which were built for the use of the Confederates, and which were to sweep American commerce from the seas, and bombard the Atlantic cities of the North, have been offered to the English at a certain price. And this is the end of the terrible Laird rams, and the blasting of the rebel hopes that were reposed in them.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the Sanitary Fair at Boston, amounted to our hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Letter from Cincinnati.

THE GREAT WESTERN SANITARY FAIR.

Cincinnati, December 28, 1863.

The Great Fair is, as it should be, the object of attraction and intense interest in the city at this time. Ever since the beginning, the Ladies' Bazaar has been crowded. Really it is not so much a wonder that such is the case, as the Fair itself is a wonder, if not of the world, at least of the West. To attempt to tell what there is in this department is useless. After passing through it again and again, it only presents a mazy bewilderment to the brain, to attempt to recollect the infinitude of fair objects. There are, however, I remember, certain live, fair creatures, seemingly everywhere throughout the building, who with features all aglow with patriotism and love for Union, will blandly ask you to buy of their wares. These work as devotedly for the "have defenders" in the field, it makes those young gentle-men who are not, nor ever have been "howl sayer boys" wish they were, that they might receive smiles of affection and gratitude, instead of those assuming ones intended only to elicit greenbacks.

The other departments, also, excite a great deal of interest, but this one is, and is likely to continue to be, the great center of attraction. The entertainments last evening at Mozart Hall, was splendid, and peculiarly a success. First was reading of National poems, by Prof. Murdoch, and most visibly did patriotic fire leap from his eloquent lips, warming afresh the hearts of those who love their country. Then, again would it dart from his flashing eye, in flames pointed and not enough to fuse holes even through a copperhead, and light up for a little while his brightened soul; then leave it a fading cipher.

Next came the presentation of a silver tea set to Major General Rosecrans. The presentation address, written by one of the lady donors, was beautiful, and its merits were made clearly visible by the reading of Prof. Murdoch. All should read this address, as also the General's reply. Women should read it that they may find therein their own pent-up feelings and burdens of the war portrayed, and so find relief; for words, even at tears, ease the saddened heart. Men should read it that they may learn to rightly appreciate the fortitude of our soldiers' wives, sisters, daughters and mothers, in their endurance of trials which weigh even more heavily upon them than the soldier's upon him.

The closing scene was the sale of Christmas trees, about fifty in number. These sold at prices ranging from \$5 to \$85. They were prepared and donated to the Sanitary Fair by young ladies, a fruitful evidence of their devotion to the cause.

A. OUTPOST.

Cincinnati, December 26, 1863.

I had expected that Christmas would have presented some valuable items for record, and it certainly would, had the programme, published the day previous, been fulfilled. But the generous-hearted farmers who were expected to make a grand display with wagon loads with donations for the benefit of our soldiers, failed to make their appearance. The procession of these was intended to be the most prominent feature of the good work yesterday, but no one, I believe, was able to see it. It was certainly reported that six wagons came in. All honor to them. The Fair is progressing with unabated interest. Indeed, on yesterday there was a greater jam than on any previous day. There is one thing in the management of the disposal of articles, which is deserving of criticism. I refer to the gambling, which under the polite name of *raffish*, is a most successful means of eliciting greenbacks. There are now but few, if any, of the tables in the Ladies' Bazaar, at which there is not some species of it present. There are certain societies called churches, which claim to hold and to keep within them the morality and goodness which alone saves the world from swift destruction. These are they who preach against all species of evil. Here, however, they all will give you a rare chance to procure articles, either valuable or trifling, for a small amount, or lose your money—I mean give it gratis to the Sanitary benefit. Perhaps it is all well to procure money by any means whatsoever, provided only it is for a good purpose. Let your end be but charitable—use what manner of means you will to secure that end. God will approve you, and your own conscience will not condemn. This, to say the least of it, is the practical teaching of this thing. Had it been known before the opening of the Fair that this means would be used, valuable assistance might have been expected from professional gamblers. Some benevolent fellows among them would, no doubt, have given their time and talents to the cause. But since they have been anticipated by the ladies and the churches, they will most probably remain in the dark from very shame that they did not know their business was honorable.

A. OUTPOST.

IT APPEARS that the report of the loss of the monitors at Charleston was a canard. One of them, the Lehigh, while on picket duty near one of the rebel forts, got aground and sprung a leak. She had to be pulled off by two other monitors. This appears to have been the extent of the disaster.

Sketch of Travels.

Not a "voyage round the world," nor travels up the Rhine," nor "the tour of Italy," Mr. Editor, but simply a little home travel without going any place at all. Do you regard such travels as "the day of small things?" Then that is because your tastes have not been properly educated, and I feel called in providence to give them a lesson. So jump in with me, and come along. Never mind the horse, for I'm in the driver's seat, and besides, Jim knows which road, and how fast to go. Now we are off; but never mind the town. We are going to look at the country; for "God made the country, while man made the town." So here we are at the tollgate, and Jim stops for the accustomed ticket. We have got it, and here is the country.

To the left, you see the stand, where Pugh and Cox hold forth, on the day the stones wouldn't lie still in Xenia. A pretty place for a public meeting; but the wind now moans through the naked grove like the cries of political fallen angels.

Waiting for their horses' feet.

From George E. Pugh in the Charleston Convention to George E. Pugh in this grove—

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Here is an old orchard, and in it a family graveyard. Very nice to own our parent's dust; but when the homestead passes into the hands of strangers—But there will be a resurrection morn in the old orchard; and the angels know the shortest way from them to heaven.

Here is a drove of mules. They have seen service in the grand army of the Union. They have helped to throttle the great monster "secession." They are loyal. Though feeding on grounds just very slightly suspicious, their every bray is true to the music of the Union, and not one of them voted for the copperhead over the border.

On the right, here, is a tall, old barn. It was a tall, old barn when the writer first saw it—when he listened, with childish awe, to a rumble of the last fall of a man who fell from the top of it, and was taken up dead.

In this beautiful valley on the left, the north branch of the classic Shawnee rises, and flows as a gentle rip through those broad meadows, to join its fellow, the beautiful city of the dead, our Woodlawn Cemetery. And just at the farther margin of the valley flows the rippling, laughing rivulet, known by the euphonious title of "Oldtown Run," so called, no doubt, because it discharges its waters into Massie-creek at Oldtown, and on its way thither runs the old fax factory. Take my word for the present, that it is a pretty little stream, and soon you may judge for yourself.

Now, hold your nose; for here is a slaughter-house on the right. But not take a snuff as you pass, to remind you of the solemn truth that broiled beefsteak is made of dead cows.

That road on the left leads to almost any place, and when you want a pleasant summer drive take it—the road, or the drive, or the place, just as you may prefer. Half a mile out on that road I "drilled" for an hour, under Captain McDowell, in accordance with the old Ohio militia law. A rain came on, and I was put on "detached duty." The Captain quietly told me to leave the ranks and take care of myself; and as he has never sent a "release," I have felt bound to continue the duty ever since. Smith faithfully, I think, merits promotion. That day the "Earthquake Volunteers" came out and camped on such a much as the disgust of the veterans of the war of '12 who were looking at us. It is hard to stand up against ridicule. The old militia system couldn't do it, and went under. The "Earthquakes" all over the State proved too strong for it.

Here is a successfully-grown orange-hedge. Not a very cheap fence, but a very nice one. If you don't believe it, ask those little snowbirds and their brown comrades, the winter sparrows. But don't inquire as to that hedge, in the winter tree, overhead, for it is a prejudiced witness. He loves—no, likes (to eat) the little birds so well that he is sorry to see them exposed to the rough reception of a heavy hedge. But the little birds know how to appreciate his tender mercies, and retire, when necessary, within their defenses. They innocently believe that the hedge was planted wholly for their use, and twitter their thanks accordingly. Well, after all, the birds are the farmer's best friends; and he could afford to plant them hedges, rather than do without their society and assistance.

Don't hold, I have taken myself out of breath, and we are not yet two miles from town. If you have enjoyed this trip, we will invite you, some time, to ride a little further up the same road. G.

News Items.

The kells of two immense war vessels were laid at the Brooklyn Navy Yard last week.

The rebels are in force in the vicinity of Natchez, but have not yet attacked our intrenchments.

The maximum tax on whisky is thought will not exceed forty per cent. That which is in the hands of manufacturers and speculators will not be exempt.

It is said other parties occupying places of trust near the person of the Secretary of the Treasury have participated in the Corn-wall chicaneries, and are likely to be drawn before the public gaze.